The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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St. Bride's Church.

Although little can be said in praise of the public buildings recently erected in the metropolis, yet a city that contains St. Paul's cathedral and upwards of fifty other churches, erected by that great master, Sir Christopher Wren, cannot be said to be deficient in architectural grandeur; and had not the too rigid economy, and a want of respect for works of arts rendered him concealed by other buildings, foreigners would not have spoken so slightingly as they have done of our public buildings. A better taste is, however, beginning to diffuse itself, but even now we find many good structures erected in bad situations. Even the opening of Pall-Mall to St. Martin's Lane, which would have afforded so fine a view of the church there, has unavoidably stopped short, and we have but a partial view of that fine structure.

The old church of St. Bride was destroyed by the great fire in 1666, and the present structure was erected by Sir Christopher Wren, and completed about the year 1680, at an expense of 11,430*l.* The spire, which is particularly fine, has suffered much by storms. On the 18th of June, 1764, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the steeple was much shattered by a storm of thunder and lightning; several stones were torn out, one of which fell into the church, and others were carried to some distance; the damages cost

3,000*l.* repairing. In 1805 a similar accident occurred, but it was then well repaired. For a more particular description of the church we shall quote the following account from the "Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London:"—

"The elevation of the west front will convey an accurate idea of the design and proportions of this spire. The base of the tower is carried up to a height of 60 feet, and crowned by a well-proportioned cornice; this supports a stylobate, or continued plinth, which sustains a cubical story of the Corinthian order (enclosing the belfry), having a large latticed window on each side, flanked by pilasters and columns: these are covered by circular-headed pediments, a blocking course, and a balustrade. At the angles of the latter are ornamental vases of good proportions. Within the balustrade is a circular plinth, forming the base of the spire, which consists of a series of four stories of different orders, the two lowermost being Tuscan, the third Ionic, the fourth Composite or Roman. Here vases are again judiciously introduced; and from the balls on the surmounting basement, the obelisk springs that terminates this fine example of architectural science. Before the spire was struck by lightning in 1764, its height from the ground was 234 feet;* but on its reparation was reduced to 226 feet, which is still 24 feet higher than the Doric column called the monument, near London Bridge. There is no spire in the kingdom, designed after the Roman orders, that equals this in point of elevation; and except those of Salisbury, Norwich, and Lichfield cathedrals, there is, probably, no one in the pointed style that exceeds it in lofiness. That Sir Christopher Wren has not attained to the towering grandeur, the elegant fancy, and the exuberant richness of the pointed style, will be readily admitted: for the inimitable graces of that style cannot be reached by invention from other orders so dissimilar to itself, and in their principles so utterly at variance with steeple-like erections. He deserves, however, our every praise, as well for the boldness of his conceptions, as for the scientific skill by which he has carried them into effect. Considered as a whole, there is, probably, no other spire than that of Bow Church, which he ever designed deserving of greater commendation.

"The external design of this church is plain and uniform. The north and south sides are each pierced with three large semicircular-headed windows and two circular ones: there are also two doorways on each side, each surmounted by an angular pediment resting on trusses. A cornice surrounds the building at the distance of a few feet below the parapet.

"On the west front are three square-headed and three circular windows: together with the principal entrance which opens into the basement story of the steeple. The door-case is of the Ionic order; it consists of a segment pediment, and an entablature supported by a half-column on each side: a seraph, and the words *Domus Dei*, are sculptured on the key-stone. Immediately within the entrance is a lofty semicircular arch; the soffite is ornamented with a double row of roses in enriched panels; and at the sides are small niches: a corresponding arch leads into the vestibule; and these, together with the intervening dome which springs from the great piers that support the steeple, form a well-proportioned and handsome porch; into which the light has been recently admitted from the tower, by means of a glazed horizontal opening in the centre of the dome. The vestibule is separated from the choir by a glazed screen; at the sides, westward, are staircases to the galleries; and to the north and south are rich doorways of the Composite order, forming the inner entrances from the burial-grounds.

"The architectural arrangements and decorations of the interior of this edifice produce an extremely grand and powerful effect; and this will be heightened into magnificence whenever the superb picture from Rubens's 'Descent from the Cross' shall be raised to its destined situation in the east window.† Five noble arches on each side, springing from Doric columns, coupled and placed transversely, separate the nave from the aisles; these support a lofty attic, which is lit by elliptical windows, and has an arched ceiling. The columns in every duplication rise from one plinth, and terminate in one impost: during the late repairs they were painted in imitation of porphyry, and the ornamental work of the arches were pleasingly varied by imitations of veined marbles. The key-stones are sculptured with cherubim, and the soffites are enriched by an arrangement of roses within panels in bold relief; and in place of a plain arris, the archi-vaults have been altered to correspond: the pilasters supporting the galleries are painted to imitate Sienna marble. A large expanded flower stuccoed, ornaments the middle of the ceiling, which is crossed by six arched ribs, terminating in shield-like brackets, with

* The upper part of the steeple of St. Bride's, then taken down, is commendably preserved entire, on the premises of a mason in Old-street road, near St. Agnes le Clare.

† It has since been fixed in its place.—Ed.

scroll borderings, and being enriched in their soffites by panelled roses. The aisles are plainly groined: the impost cornices from which the arches spring, are supported by cherubs.

"An altar-piece, designed by Mr. Dykes the architect, occupies the whole of the recess of the east end, and consists principally of two stories of the Ionic order, crowned by an entablature and a circular pediment; the respective pilasters and compartments of which are very tastefully decorated in imitation of *verde antique*, porphyry, Sienna and veined marbles, interspersed with, and relieved by, rich and massive gildings: large festoons, having the effect of solid gold, are introduced over the panels of the upper story. In the recessed division, beneath the window, and which includes an enriched entablature, supported by two half-and-three quarter columns of the Corinthian order, gilt, are the tables of the law; and on the panels, on each side, the Lord's prayer and the belief. The centre panel is embellished by a very effective, yet chastely coloured picture, by Willement, of the descending Dove, with the initials I. H. S. in resplendent stars. The soffite of the arch above the altar, and the large panelled roses which diversify it, correspond in decorative sumptuousness with the other parts. In the lower compartments of each of the side-returns is a spacious niche, painted in imitation of Sienna marble."

From this description most of our readers will regret that so fine a structure should be cooped up by lofty buildings erected on every side within a few yards of its base. One of those calamities which, though not unproductive of good, cannot but be regretted, has afforded an opportunity for opening a view of St. Bride's church to Fleet-street. A fire which occurred in this street on the 14th of November, 1824, and destroyed several houses, affords an opportunity to persons passing, of viewing the spire of St. Bride's, and many are struck with admiration.

It was then suggested in one of the daily papers, that the ground rendered vacant should be purchased, in order to retain the opening. A public meeting was held at the London Tavern, on Tuesday, January 4th, at which the Lord Mayor presided, when it was resolved to open a subscription for the purpose of purchasing the ground and erecting suitable buildings, so as to afford a full view of the steeple. Mr. Papworth exhibited a view of the proposed alteration which he had made. Its principal feature is the opening of an avenue with houses on both sides in a suitable style of architecture, so as to appear to have been erected with the church, and to combine picturesquely with the spire.

The proposed plan will be fully understood by our engraving, which affords a very correct view of the spire of St. Bride's church. The proposed opening, exhibited in our view, forming an avenue to the church, will place the steeple in the most favourable point of view, and add to the healthfulness of the spot, by increasing the circulation of air about it. It also seems manifest from the design, that these great objects will be obtained at a very small comparative expense—for, by making the new habitations appear to have been erected with the church, so as to combine picturesquely with the spire, and seem devoted chiefly to that object, it does not become necessary to occupy more ground for the opening and buildings than is here exhibited, to afford a favourable and an ample view of the noble form immediately in the centre of it.

It is perhaps the best proof of an architect's ingenuity, at least, when he obtains so important an end by such simple means; and it tends to promote similar projects, as the public find they can be so cheaply and efficiently accomplished.

This spire would cost nearly 50,000*l.* to erect at this time, and it will be made available to the adornment of one of the first thoroughfares throughout London, after having been obscured from the day of its erection to the present moment, at a small expense, and a great improvement of local property, by the exertion of a few spirited individuals, and public liberality, which we trust will not suffer such an opportunity of benefiting the city to be lost.

THE POET'S VALENTINE.

(For the Mirror.)

Last Valentine's Day,
Oh! ye Muses sublime,
I *presum'd* to indite
An epistle in rhyme;*

Which humbly implor'd,
You would deign to bestow,
A benevolent smile
On your suitor below:

That my *feeble* attempts
You would kindly inspire,
And breathe o'er my numbers
The tones of your lyre!

But sadly I fear,
As the road is so long,
You never receiv'd
Your petitioner's song.

* For which, vide the Mirror No. 72—page 138.

The postage unpaid!
Might reception refuse!—
That bards are *so poor*
To you is no news.

Again, then, your smiles
I humbly entreat;
To lofty *Parnassus*,
Oh! succour my feet.

If *hobbling* my verse,
How the critics will blame!
And to *Lethe* pensign
Effusions so *lame*.

Then kindly adopt,
Ye Divinities, nine!
The *least* in your train
For your own Valentine.

But, if still ye refuse,
(Like the fox) in despair,
I shall say—*you cross jades*,
I'll be whipt if I care.

Feb. 14, 1826. JACOBUS.

BOW BELLS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—You having more than once given your readers interesting information on the subject of bells and bell-ringing, and particularly Bow Bells, I beg leave, through the medium of the MIRROR, to acquaint the inhabitants of the parish of St. Mary-le-Bow, with an imposition that has been practised upon them since the erection of the new spire.

It is well known that the practice of bell-ringing has been reduced to a science for many years past, and the art is now in great perfection; but this scientific mode is not allowed to be performed upon Bow Bells, the committee, or vestry gentlemen of the parish, having been informed, that it would have such an effect upon the tower as in all probability to cause the fall of the spire.

The fact is, the persons (with the exception of one) who now ring at Bow Church, are incapable of performing any of the scientific methods, and therefore imagine, that if any of them were to be rung there, the inhabitants would take a liking thereto, and they be deprived of the situation, the music of the scientific methods being so superior to that which they perform.

Now the method performed by the Bow ringers is a bastard one, called set changes, and is rung as follows:—Suppose the bells to be in their natural position, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0; the person who intends to call the changes generally begins with the hindmost bells, and therefore calls aloud 'eighth and ninth'—which means, that the eighth bell is to take the place of the ninth, and, *vice versa*, the bells will then strike—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 8, 0. Having rung this change about twenty times, the sixth and seventh will be called, when the bells will run—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 6, 9, 8, 0; and after ringing about thirty of these changes, and repeating each twenty times, which will take half an hour, the peal is concluded; whereas, in the same space of time, ten persons who understand the scientific methods could perform 700 changes, and not one of them alike, and instead of changing only two bells at a time, as is above shewn, would reverse the whole each time they had struck once round.

With regard to scientific ringing being dangerous to the spire, or any other part of the steeple, I beg to say that it is decidedly the reverse; and if any method is at all so, it is *set changes*, because, in the course of ringing them, several of the bells will act in conjunction, or, in ringing terms, swing one way, which must certainly cause the building to rock very much, particularly as one change is repeated so many times. In support of my assertion I beg to say, that at St. Michael's, Cornhill, there is a peal of twelve bells, the tenor weighing 48 cwt.; the steeple is a mere shell compared with Bow, and the bells hang at least 30 feet higher than at the latter place, yet, whenever scientific ringing is performed, the steeple does not rock half so much as with set changes. Also at St. Saviour's, Southwark, there is a peal of twelve bells, the tenor weighing 52½ cwt. (Bow is 53 cwt.) This tower stands upon four pillars, which form arches as high as the church roof; the walls of the building where the men stand to ring are but four feet thick (Bow are seven): it is also several feet higher than Bow, and altogether the bells are much heavier and more elevated, yet the scientific methods are invariably performed. In short, where the men stand to ring at St. Michael's and St. Saviour's, is rather higher than that part of the tower in which Bow Bells hang—consequently the Bells at the two former churches are about 25 or 30 feet higher than at the latter. I could also name several places where these favourite methods are rung, and set changes actually prohibited, such as Christ Church, Spitalfields; St. Leonard's, Shoreditch; St. Bride's, Fleet-street; and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; each of which have twelve bells also, several others having ten and eight.

There are now four societies in London practising the scientific methods—namely, the Senior and Junior Cumberland Societies, and the Senior and Junior College Societies, each of which have a

great desire to perform upon Bow bells, and have made several applications for permission so to do, but which have been refused, through the absurd notion that the spire will be in jeopardy.

The above societies have been established many years, and are governed by a master and stewards, subject to rules and articles similar to those of benefit societies, and therefore deserve every encouragement.

It is therefore hoped, that the parishioners of St. Mary-le-Bow will see the trick that has been played upon them, and give directions to the churchwardens to grant permission for the scientific methods to be performed whenever applied for.

If you think it would be gratifying to your readers to know something of the favourite methods of ringing, I will give every information, and furnish you with several peals for their perusal.

I am, Sir, your constant reader,

A Member of the Senior College Society.

STANZAS.

When Sol forgets to light the world,
And Cynthia hides her face;—
When ocean ne'er with storms is curl'd,
And torrents flow in peace;—
When brightest sparkling stars are gone,
And all is dark above thee;—
When day and midnight are as one,
Then I will cease to love thee.

When friendship casts its borrow'd name,
And acts a sincere part;—
When pain and pleasure are the same,
And pure is every heart;—
When fortune smiles on love and worth,
And time's at rest above thee;—
When joie'd is falsehood unto truth,
Then I will cease to love thee.

But these are fancies of the brain,
That ne'er will realize;
Then calm that fond inspiring pain,
And still those jealous sighs.
For, Emma! while I've life and breath,
I swear by all above thee,
From now until I meet with death
I ne'er will cease to love thee!

W. G. B.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

The waves in circles o'er him clos'd
In endless depths he sank;
Death came as if in sleep he dos'd,
When he the salt wave drank.
The water o'er his cold remains
Swift glides unconscious by;
For him was sung no solemn strains,
For him no fun'real sigh.
His dirge was chanted by the deep
In roaring boist'rous tone,
While mournful winds in sighs did weep
Their sad and hollow moan.
Hearts ached for him, yet never more
Would he his kind friends see,
He died at distance from all shore,
His grave is in the sea.

Where once the vessel gaily swam
Is left no single trace,
And where the sailor met his doom
Is smooth as Heav'ns face.

W. G. B.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES AT LAMBETH PALACE

Lambeth Palace, of which we gave a view and description in No. 126, has been honoured with the frequent presence of royalty. In 1513, during a visit, it is presumed, from Henry the Eighth to Archbishop Warham at this palace, Charles Somerset was created Earl of Worcester. In 1543, the same prince, though he did not enter within the walls of the palace, yet his benevolent visit to Lambeth-bridge to Archbishop Cranmer, deserves to be noticed. The king came in his barge, designedly, one evening, and the archbishop standing at the stairs to pay his duty, his majesty called him into the barge, in order to put him in a way to frustrate the malicious contrivances of Bishop Gardiner and others to accomplish his ruin. Queen Mary is said to have completely furnished Lambeth palace for the reception of Cardinal Pole at her own expense, and to have frequently honoured him with her company. The visits of this queen are noticed in the churchwardens' accounts of the parish. "1555, 1557—Payde to the ryngers when the king and the quene came from Hampton Court to Greenwich, in moneth of August, 8d. To the ryngers when the quene's grace came from Westminster to Lambet, in the moneth of July, 6d. To the ryngers Septr. ix. when the quene's grace came to Lambet church, 4d." Elizabeth's visits are noticed in a similar manner. Queen Elizabeth was a frequent visitant to Archbishop Parker. On one occasion, when she had been treated with extraordinary magnificence, she is said, after having thanked the prelate for his hospitality, to have addressed Mrs. Parker in the following unpriness manner:—"And you, madam I may not call you, and mistress, I am ashamed to call you, so as I know not what to call you, but nevertheless I thank you." Archbishop Whitgift was honoured with many royal visits both from Elizabeth and her successor, James. The former is reported to have been entertained by him fifteen different times, and she frequently stayed for two or three days together. Anno 1604, (October 3) Queen

Mary honoured Archbishop Tillotson with a visit, as appears from an entry in the churchwardens' accounts of five shillings, paid to the ringers on that occasion. In the year 1697, Christopher Clarke, afterwards Archdeacon of Norwich, and prebendary of the fifth stall of Ely cathedral, was ordained priest in Lambeth chapel; when the ceremony was honoured with the presence of the Emperor, Peter the Great, Czar of Muscovy, who happened to be then in England.

The following most daring robbery was committed at this palace in the year 1783. His grace directed several repairs and alterations to be done in and about the palace, in which a number of workmen were employed. Among other things, a door leading to the strong closet, where the plate was kept, was ordered for the greater security to be bricked up. The person who acted as chief agent in that affair was one of the labourers, who resided near the palace. This man conducted himself so artfully as to be noticed by the steward (Mr. Sampson), who frequently observed him sitting on the stairs at meals and watering times, and admiring what he thought the man's sobriety, ordered the servants to give him a pint of ale each day. He had no suspicion of his real business, which it seems was all this time to make such observations as might be afterwards acted upon by the gang he was connected with. The robbery was discovered early in the morning, when it was found that great part of the new brick-work in the doorway had been removed. On searching the closet, plate was missed to the value of £3,000. This depredation of course making a considerable noise, strict search was made after the culprits. But notwithstanding all the exertions of the Bow-street officers, the matter remained for some time undiscovered. It was at last found out in a manner equally singular with the mode in which it had been perpetrated. Advertisements and other means had been tried in vain, and some months had now elapsed, when it happened that two lightermen, whose business lay near Blackfriars, having been kept up by the tides running late, thought they heard in an adjoining timber-yard an unusual noise or tinkling. They climbed the wall, and perceived two or three men hammering, and something glittering on the ground near them; it struck the lightermen that they were a gang of pewter-pot stealers; they went and armed themselves each with a cutlass and brace of pistols, with which they returned in a few minutes and scaled the wall. The whole party immediately disappeared, but they were fortunate enough to catch one man at the entrance of a large drain, who being threatened, acknowledged the robbery, and was given by the lightermen into custody. The greater part of the plate was found concealed in this drain, black and disfigured with the tides. Some of it lay bruised near the entrance, and part was afterwards discovered at a melting-house in Thames-street. But upwards of three hundred pounds worth of the silver had been sold to different refiners in London. The person who was taken was the only one who suffered for this robbery. His companions made their escape to Holland, and though they were afterwards seen in London, and might have been secured, the archbishop having delivered up one criminal as an example to public justice, humanely forbore to prosecute. The loss sustained by this robbery, independent of the plate recovered, was estimated at £1,000. G. L. J.

WINTER.

(For the Mirror.)

"No mark of vegetable life is seen,
No bird to bird repeats its tuneful call,
Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,
Save the lone red breast on the moss-grown wall."

SCOTT.

WINTER (says a writer in the *Universal Magazine*, 1785,) has been defined to be that season of the year in which the days are shortest. It most properly commences on the 21st of December, which is called the winter solstice, being that day when the sun's distance from the zenith of the place is the greatest; and it ends on the 20th of March, when its distance is at a mean between the greatest and the least. But I shall only observe further, that notwithstanding the coldness of this season, it has been demonstrated by astronomers, that the sun is really nearer to the earth in winter than in summer. The principal cause of this difference is, that in winter the sun's rays fall so obliquely upon us, and have so large a portion of the atmosphere to pass through, that any given number of them is spread over a much greater portion of the earth's surface where we live; and, therefore, each point must then have fewer rays than in summer, or when the sun is at a greater height above the horizon. There comes, moreover, a greater degree of cold in the long winter nights, than can be compensated for by the return of heat in the short days; and, on both these accounts, the cold must necessarily increase. In summer, on the contrary, the rays of the sun fall more

perpendicularly upon us, and therefore come with greater force, and in greater numbers on the same place, than when they come more obliquely; and, by the longer continuance of the sun above the horizon than in winter, a much greater degree of heat is imparted by day than can fly off by night, so that the heat must increase.

The flakes of falling snow are various in their configuration and extremely beautiful, if examined with a microscope before they melt, which may easily be done by making the experiment in the open freezing air.—See "Physica Sacrée, ou Histoire Naturelle de la Bible," par Jean Jacques Scheuchzer, for an engraving of the splendid forms of snow."

The nakedness and asperity of the wintry world (says Dr. Johnson in the "Rambler,") always fills the beholder with pensive and profound astonishment; as the variety of the scene is lessened, its grandeur is increased; and the mind is swelled at once by the mingled ideas of the present and the past, of the beauties which have vanished from the eyes, and the waste and desolation that are now before them.

But this dreary season has its beauties.

"Behold the groves that shine with *silver frost*,"
POPE.

pure and unspotted as the breath of heaven—here hang in crystallised clusters the wonderful treasures of the atmosphere—which when beheld by the contemplative mind, call to recollection the lines of Thomson.

"What art thou, *frost?* and whence are thy keen stores
Deriv'd, thou secret all invading power!
Whom ev'n th' illusive fluid cannot fly;
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
Thro' water, earth, and ether?

"Likewise Hooke and Adams on the Microscope.

P. T. W.

MOONLIGHT EFFUSIONS.

PATIENCE is the art of waiting, time passes quickly with him who hopes for better days and lives for the morrow.

Hope has such efficacy that it can lead us to the end of life through an agreeable path, and even beyond life itself.

I have found that in my disquietudes resolution has furnished me with more resources than reason.

To do readily what we ought to do when we ought do it, and as we ought to do it, are the characteristics of wise and happy minds.

Vanity is a weed which takes root in every bosom, from the man who adds to the splendour of worldly aggrandisement the brightest intellectual qualities to him whose fortunes and mind alike grovel in the dust.

Aggression once committed, every restraint of reverence and shame is cast away.

Unchanging prosperity cloys by possession and the cated spirit looks round for new excitement, it is then that the passions and the appetites wander abroad in the stimulating search, and are easily tempted by forbidden paths.

No enterprise is great that is not morally good.

He that is head of a party is but a boat on a wave, that raises not itself, but is moved upward by the billow which it floats upon.

A. S.

The Topographer.

No. VIII.

WHITE CONDUIT HOUSE.

WHITE CONDUIT HOUSE, a well-known tavern and tea-garden near London, derived its name from an old stone conduit yet remaining there, which was erected in 1641, and supplied the charter-house by means of a leaden pipe. The place, from its beautiful prospect towards Hampstead, Highgate, &c., and the neatness of its gardens, is much frequented as a tea-house. Here are also a bowling-green, skittle-grounds, &c.; and a neighbouring field was, about twenty years ago, used as a cricket-ground by a society of noblemen and gentlemen. This house and gardens were celebrated half a century ago as a place of great resort, not only for the lower orders of society, but for decent tradesmen and their families, on a Sunday afternoon, to drink tea, &c. A Poem, printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for May, 1760, gives a lively picture of this place in its happiest time.

Upon the site of Dobney's-place, at the back of Penton-street, formerly stood an old house called D'Aubigny's, having a bowling-green and tea-gardens similar to those at White Conduit House, where about fifty years ago one Price, an equestrian performer, exhibited feats of horsemanship; whilst an opponent, named Sampson, exhibited similar performances in a field behind the Old Hats. The jealousy between these rival heroes gave rise to a very singular stratagem. One

of the equestrians procured a female of dashing appearance and some personal attractions to witness the performances of his rival; she admired his abilities as he did her charms, and an intimate domestication was soon formed between them, which obliged the unfortunate equestrian to leave the field to his lucky competitor. These two persons are the first performers of equestrian feats that we read of in this country, being antecedent to those of Astley.

White Conduit House was some years ago, kept by a Mr. Christopher Bartholomew, a person who, with a good fortune and every prospect of success and eminence in life, fell a victim to an unconquerable passion for gambling in the lottery. He was at one time worth 50,000*l.*, rented land to the amount of 2,000*l.* a-year in the neighbourhood, kept his carriage, and servants in livery. He had some fortunate hits in the lottery, and celebrated one of them by a public breakfast at his tea-gardens, "*to commemorate the smiles of fortune*," as it was expressed upon the tickets of admission to this *fête champetre*. He has been known to spend upwards of two thousand guineas in a day for insurance, to raise which, stack after stack of his immense crops of hay have been cut down and hurried to market. He was at last obliged to part with his house from accumulated embarrassments, and passed the last thirteen years of his life in great poverty, subsisting by the charity of those who had known him in better days, and the emolument he received as a juryman of the Sheriff's Court for the county. His propensity to be engaged in this ruinous pursuit never forsook him, and, in 1807, having fixed his mind on a particular number, he, conjointly with a friend, bought a sixteenth, which was fortunately drawn a prize of 20,000*l.* With his share he was prevailed on to purchase an annuity of 60*l.* per annum; but he soon sold it, and died in a two-pair of stairs room in Angel-court, Windmill-street, in March, 1809, aged 68.

It has been in contemplation to remove Smithfield market to some spot in this neighbourhood; but the Bills brought into Parliament for the purpose have hitherto been lost by small majorities in the House of Commons.

HIGHBURY.

The manor of Highbury, or Newington-Barrow, appears to have been called by the name of Tolentone in the Domesday Survey, at which time it was held of the king by one Banolf, and the manorial rights were valued at 40*s.* per annum. It was afterwards given to the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, in England. The manor-house was destroyed in Wat Tyler's insurrection by Jack Straw, and, having made the spot a temporary station for himself and his followers, the place was afterwards called Jack Straw's Castle, a name which it retains to the present day.

Highbury House is believed to have been the *prætorium* of a Roman encampment.

At Highbury and its immediate neighbourhood there appears to have been several conduit heads belonging to the city.

Highbury Barn, a noted tavern and tea-garden, was originally an ale and cake house, upon a very limited scale. Mr. Willoughby, its present proprietor, by laying out the grounds in a judicious manner, and by the excellent accommodations of the place, has increased the trade to a considerable extent, particularly in the summer months, when corporate bodies, clubs, &c., have their annual dinners at this place, as 1,500 or 2,000 persons can be accommodated. An association of *Protestant Dissenters*, formed in the reign of Queen Anne, hold their meetings at this house.

The Eel-Pie House, on the west bank of the river between Highbury and Hornsey-Wood House, is a place of great attraction in summer.

Highbury-place is a remarkably fine row of houses, and is distinguished by its having been the residence of the late Abraham Newland, cashier of the Bank of England.

EPIGRAM.

Two Irishmen were about to fight a duel,
when one of them spoke coyly of wife
and family as to be considered, and the
other was equally concerned for the delicate state of a daughter's health. The
then Solicitor-General of Ireland honoured
them with these lines:—

"The heroes of Erin, unconscious of
slaughter,
Improve on the Jewish command;
One honours his wife, and the other his
daughter,
That their days may be long in the
land."

EPITAPH ON JOHNNY HUXLEY,

In Eccleston church-yard, near Chester.

Poor Jack, he lies beneath this rood,
And sure he must be blest,
For if he could do nothing good,
He meant to do his best.
Think on your souls, ye guilty throng,
Who, knowing what is right, does wrong.

Masaniello, the Fisherman of Naples.

BEFORE this Number of the MIRROR reaches our readers, a new historical play will have been presented to the public, under the title of "*Masaniello, the Fisherman of Naples.*" As the event on which the play is founded is one of the most singular recorded in history, we shall give a detailed narrative of it, to which we prefix a portrait of this truly extraordinary individual.

Tommaso Aniello, or, as he is more generally called, Masaniello, was the son of a fisherman of Amalfi, where he was born about the year 1622. He followed the occupation of his father, was clad in the meanest attire, went about barefoot, and gained a scanty livelihood by angling for fish, and hawking them about for sale. Who could have imagined that in this poor abject fisher-boy, the populace were to find the being destined to lead them on to one of the most extraordinary revolutions recorded in history? Yet so it was. No monarch ever had the glory of rising so suddenly to so lofty a pitch of power, as this barefooted Masaniello. Naples, the metropolis of many fertile provinces, the queen of many noble cities, the resort of princes, of cavaliers, and of heroes. Naples, inhabited by more than six hundred thousand souls, abounding in all kinds of resources, glorying in its strength. This proud city saw itself forced, in one short day, to yield to one of its meanest sons, such obedience as in all its history it had never before shewn to the mightiest of its liege sovereigns. In a few hours the fisher-lad was at the head of one hundred and fifty thousand men; in a few hours there was no will in Naples but his; and, in a few hours it was freed from all sorts of taxes, and restored to all its ancient privileges. The fishing-wand was exchanged for the truncheon of command, the sea-boy's jacket for cloth of silver and gold. He made the town he entreached; he placed sentinels to guard it against danger from without; and he established a system of police within, which awed the worst banditti in the world into fear. Arcadia passed in review before him; even fleets owned his sway.

During the viceroyship of the Duke of Arcos, the Neapolitans were much oppressed by heavy taxes on the necessities of life. At length, in 1647, the viceroy mortgaged, to certain merchants, the duty on fruit, at once the luxury and staple of life to the temperate Neapolitans.

Masaniello saw with grief his countrymen obliged to sell their beds, and even abandon their offspring, in order to pay the odious impost. At length his sense of the public misery was worked up to the utmost by an outrage on his own family. His wife was carrying a small quantity of contraband flour home for her children,

when she was seized and dragged to prison; nor was it until he was obliged to sell his furniture, and pay one hundred ducats, that he could obtain her release. He now resolved to rescue his country from slavery; he harangued the fruit-dealers in the market-place, urging them not to buy a single basket of the growers until the duty was taken off: he then assembled a number of boys, who went wailing through the streets, and calling out for redress. When remonstrated with by some of his neighbours, and jested with by others, he replied, "You may laugh at me now; but you shall soon see what the fool Masaniello can do: let me alone, and give me my way, and if I do not set you free from all your taxes, and from the slavery that now grinds you to death, may I be cursed and called a villain for ever!"

In the mean time Masaniello's army of boys amounted to five thousand, all active and docile youths, from the age of sixteen to that of nineteen. He armed each with a slender cane, and bade them meet him in the market-place next morning, Sunday, July 7, 1647, a day when a sort of mock fight and storming of a wooden tower used to take place between the Neapolitan youths, in the respective characters of Turks and Christians. It was during the confusion occasioned by this custom that Masaniello ran in among the children and the mob, and cried out, "No taxes! no taxes!"

In vain did the magistrates attempt to quell the mob; Masaniello armed his troops with the plunder of the tower, and harangued them.

"Rejoice," said he, "my dear companions and countrymen, give God thanks, and the most gracious Virgin of Carmine, that the hour of our redemption, and the time of our deliverance, draweth nigh. This poor fisherman, barefooted as he is, shall, like another Moses, who delivered the Israelites from the cruel rod of Pharaoh, the Egyptian king, free you from all gabels and impositions that were ever laid on you. It was a fisherman, I mean St. Peter, who redeemed the city of Rome from the slavery of the devil to the liberty of Christ; and the whole world followed that deliverance, and obtained their freedom from the same bondage. Now another fisherman, one Masaniello, I am the man, shall release the city of Naples, and with it a whole kingdom, from the cruel yoke of tolls and gabels. Shake off, therefore, from this moment the yoke. Be free, if you have but courage, from those intolerable oppressions under which you have hitherto groaned. To bring this glorious end about, I do not care for myself, if I am torn to pieces, and dragged about the city of Naples, through all the kennels and gutters that belong to it; let all the blood in this body flow cheerfully out of these veins; let this head fly from these shoulders at the touch of the fatal steel, and be perched up over this market-place, on a pole to be gazed at, yet shall I die contented and glorious; it will be triumph and honour sufficient for me to think that my blood and life were sacrificed in so worthy a cause, and that I became the saviour of my country."

Masaniello ceased to speak, and the shouts of the multitude attested the spirit that his words had excited. The firing of the toll-house, with all the account-books that were kept there, and many commodities that belonged to the farmers of the customs, was a signal for a general conflagration of all that was rare, precious, and curious, throughout Naples. The houses of the nobility were ransacked; their fine furniture and valuable pictures, their libraries, wardrobes, jewels, and plate, were all brought forth into the streets, and thrown into immense fires, which were fed every moment by additions of the most costly fuel that luxury could supply. The house of a man who had originally carried bread up and down the streets of Naples, but becoming a favourite of the viceroy's had been enabled to acquire immense wealth by dealing in the funds, was sought out by the mob with peculiar eagerness. They assembled round his gates with lighted torches in their hands, forced an entrance, and, stripping the rooms as they went along, threw the furniture, books, papers, and every thing that they could lay their hands on out of the windows. Twenty-three large trunks were thus hurled into the streets, and being forced open by the violence of the fall, displayed the richest tissues and embroideries in gold and silver to the eyes of the beholders, who notwithstanding immediately consigned them to the flames, along with a cabinet full of oriental pearls; exclaiming, as they had done before, that they were wrung from the heart's blood of the people, and should perish in flames, as the extortioners themselves ought to do.

The viceroy became alarmed, and solicited an interview; Masaniello, in the mean time, organized his forces, which assumed all the appearance of a well-disciplined army, amounting to 114,000 men. While a negociation was going on with the viceroy, an attempt was made to assassinate Masaniello by some of the viceroy's troops, who discharged a shower of musket-bullets at him, one of which singed the breast of his shirt.

Becoming distrustful by this act of treachery, Masaniello issued several sumptuary laws, making every person leave off wearing cloaks or long garments, under which daggers could be concealed. He demanded a treaty from the viceroy, to secure their liberties, which was granted.

The treaty was accordingly solemnly read in the cathedral church, amidst countless multitudes of people, and Masaniello afterwards went to pay his respects to the viceroy at his excellency's particular request. He would have gone in his mariner's dress, as usual, but at the persuasion of the archbishop he consented to lay it aside, and appeared on horseback, attired in a white habit, splendidly embroidered, a magnificent plume of feathers waved from his hat, and in his hand he carried a drawn sword; thus accoutred he rode in front of the archbishop's carriage. His brother, also richly habited, rode on his right hand, one of his colleagues, Arpaja, tribune of the commons, on the left, and the other, Julio Genevino, last; followed by a hundred and sixty companies of horse and foot, consisting in all of about fifty thousand men. All eyes were fixed on Masaniello as he passed, all hearts sprang towards him, all voices joined in pronouncing him "the Saviour of his country." The way before him was strewed by grateful hands with palm and olive branches, the balconies were hung with the richest silks to do him honour as he passed, and the ladies threw from them the choicest flowers and garlands, accompanying their homage with the most respectful and admiring obeisances. The air was filled with the sweetest music, and Naples, which for three days before was a scene of the most appalling anarchy and tumult, now presented nothing but images of peace and joy.

A day was fixed for ratifying the treaty in public; but that day saw a wonderful change in Masaniello; his incessant fatigue and anxiety, his want of rest, and neglect of food, were too much for a frame merely mortal, and his vigorous mind became affected. The viceroy took advantage of this circumstance, proclaimed his authority at an end, and promised a reward of ten thousand ducats to any one who should cause him to be destroyed. Naples was never deficient in assassins even without so large a bribe.

His disordered reason displayed itself in several acts of wanton cruelty, with which, till then, his power, absolute as it was, had never been sullied: he wandered about the streets in rags, without any thing on his head, and with only one stocking on: in this humiliating state he went to the viceroy, and complained of hunger; a collation was ordered for him, but he declined waiting for it, and ordering his gondola, went on the water, probably to seek relief from his feverish sensations. Unfortunately thirst preyed upon him, and in the course of a few hours he drank twelve bottles of Lachryme Christi; an excess which, to one of his temperate habits and long privation, was enough in itself to bring on insanity; and which increased his disorder to so alarming a degree, that the next day he rode furiously up and down the streets, wounding every one he met with his drawn sword, summoning the nobles to kiss his naked feet, striking and insulting his colleagues, and committing every outrage and inconsistency.

Masaniello attended church on the festival of "our Lady of Carmine," July 16; here he told the archbishop that he was ready to resign his office and authority to the viceroy; the archbishop promised him every thing he desired, and with fatherly kindness commanded one of the monks to take him to the dormitory, and prevail upon him to refresh himself with a little sleep. Unfortunately his eminence left the church as soon as he saw his order executed; and scarcely was he gone when the assassins rushed in, calling out, "Long live the king of Spain, and death to those who obey Masaniello!" Few as the conspirators were, the cowardly people made no attempt to oppose them; but on the contrary, fell back for them to pass, and they went accordingly straight to the convent, searching every where for Masaniello. He, unhappy man, hearing himself loudly called, and thinking his presence was required on some public matter, started from the pallet on which he had thrown himself, and ran out to meet his murderers, crying, "Is it me you are looking for, my people? behold I am here;" but all the answer he received was the contents of four muskets at once, from the hands of his four determined assassins: he instantly fell, and expired with the reproachful exclamation, "Ah, ungrateful traitors!" bursting from his dying lips. His murderers then cut off his head, and, fixing it on the top of a pike, carried it to the viceroy, after which it was thrown into one ditch, and his body into another, with numerous indignities bestowed upon it, while ten thousand of his late followers stood stupidly by, without making a single effort to redeem it from disgrace.

Thus fell Masaniello, after a reign of nine days, from the 7th to the 16th of July. It was a reign marked with some excesses, and with some traits of personal folly; yet as long as it is not an

every-day event for a fisher-boy to become a king, the story of Masaniello of Naples must be regarded with equal wonder and admiration, as exhibiting an astonishing instance of the genius to command existing in one of the humblest situations of life, and asserting its ascendancy with a rapidity of enterprise to which there is no parallel in history.

THE STAGE.

(*Concluded from page 109.*)

The extreme partiality of the present age for musical entertainment, has contributed to give to the comic opera, a celebrity and importance beyond the first productions of the tragic or comic muse; almost, indeed, to the exclusion of the more important and regular drama. The subject of these is, for the most part, that of *love*; at all times, it must be owned, an engaging one, and doubtless rendered still more so, when aided by the charms of music, which thus becomes a powerful medium of exciting and affecting the tender passion. The sentiments of the lover, expressed in a soft and soothing sonnet, are presumed to be irresistible, and to move the heart and affections of the most obdurate fair one. Such scenes and subjects are certainly pleasing, and perhaps in themselves, pure and harmless; nevertheless, yielding momentary impressions, they may, in some degree, tend to give a false bias to its views and sentiments, and by presenting it with imaginary pictures of perfect virtue, which unhappily has yet had no existence but in the fancy of the poet, to divert its attention from the pursuit of that which is only real and attainable. Man, from this circumstance, may be led more to *admire* virtue, than to *practise* it; and, like the dog in the fable, to lose the substance by grasping at the shadow.

According to the tastes and genius of their authors, some are founded on striking passages of history; some present us with superior traits of moral virtue; while others are made the vehicle of satire on the follies and vices of mankind. Among the two former of these, few deserve to rank higher, both for dignity of subject, excellence of sentiment, and the lessons which they respectively inculcate, than the *Surrender of Calais*, and the *Inkle and Yarico* of the younger Colman. His *Battaille de St. Pierre* is a fine picture of genuine patriotism, founded on the noble principle of self-sacrifice, for the preservation of his fellow-citizens, a conquest worthy a Roman soul, in the most exalted days of his republic. The character of *Yarico* is a chaste and beautiful portrait of simple nature, unbiassed in sentiment by custom, and unrestrained in manners by art. Her sensibility and native innocence powerfully affect and interest the best feelings of the heart. In weeping over the sorrows of this gentle maid, we at once extend our sympathy to every injured and enslaved African, and are led indignantly to execrate a traffic, which at once violates the dearest rights of humanity, and sacrifices the noblest principles of the heart at the abject shrine of avarice.

From dramas such as these the mind retires with every best impression and moral improvement; and the approbation which it receives from an audience, is, at least, a pleasing proof that the generous principles of social benevolence are no strangers to the breasts of Englishmen. Music, in every age and country, we find to have constituted a portion of man's amusements, and though many be more useful, yet few can be more innocent. Pursuits of the most innocent nature may, notwithstanding, be carried to an excess, and this may be said to be realised with respect to our operas.

Literary labour becomes more valuable in proportion as it is more generally useful; and the efforts of genius may be justly said to shine with brighter lustre, and to be entitled to the greater veneration of mankind, when employed in that which tends to promote the cause of virtue. To render the representation of a tragedy subservient to the purposes of moral instruction, and to give it the means of producing its due effect, the first care should be to divest it of every circumstance of fiction and improbability, and entirely to remove, not merely that which is opposite to, but even all that is not in the most perfect unison with the realities of life. It has justly been remarked, that "a play being the exhibition of a certain action, though it may not be an actual history, yet it should, in its invented parts, resemble *nature* as much as possible." The tragedy of the "Gamester," from its natural and pathetic incidents, and more especially from its speaking the simple language of nature, finds a much easier way to the avenues of the heart, and conveys a more forcible lesson of moral virtue than most tragedies on the English stage. The natural scenes and circumstances of domestic life, are here forcibly and affectingly portrayed by individual suffering; attaching itself solely to those instances of human woe, which life unhappily is continually furnishing, must soften the ruggedness of our nature, call forth the better affections of the mind, and predispose it, not less to commiserate

than to alleviate the distresses of our fellow beings. Human life thus reflected before us, as by a mirror, excites the leading passions of the mind, "to wake the soul by tender strokes of art," to rouse and animate it to the exercise of great and virtuous actions, and to awaken its indignation and abhorrence of vice, by presenting it with striking pictures of human depravity.

But the page of history, and "the pomp and circumstance of war," have been the grand sources from which the materials of most of our tragedies have been drawn. The actions of great and celebrated men are thus borne down to us, along the stream of time, from the most remote ages; and, in the contemplation of their characters, we have the models by which to form and regulate our own.

As an uninterrupted state of prosperity is unfavourable to the exercise of virtuous sentiment, an occasional exhibition of the woes and sufferings of human life must be friendly to the cause, and conducive to the practice of the moral virtues. To feel for sorrow, the heart must itself be made acquainted with grief. The uses of adversity are often sweet and wholesome; and hence adversity has not improperly been termed the school of virtue. The mind also requires to be relieved from the attendant woes of life by occasional relaxation; and the smile which smoothes the wrinkled brow of care, without an injury to the feelings of another, may surely be indulged and promoted, as the effect and indication of innocent and virtuous gaiety. It is the perversion of the heart, and its consequent actions, which are eminently injurious to society, and it cannot be doubted that the moral laws of the drama, have an effect next after those conveyed from the pulpit, or promulgated in courts of justice. Mr. Burke, indeed, has gone so far as to observe, that "the theatre is a better school of moral sentiment than churches." How much then has the dramatist to answer for at the tribunal of virtue, whose works have a tendency to shake the foundations of virtuous principles, by giving to the world a false and vicious system of morals, under the specious colours of amiable sensibility!

Viewing the stage therefore as an object of the first consequence to the interests of society; it is of paramount importance, that it were divested of those errors, with which our present system of dramatic representations abound, for that to make man moral and good, through whatever medium it be effected, is to render him happy in the truest acceptation of the word. F. R—y.

The Selector.

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

LINES

Written by moonlight, on a Pillar of the Ruins of Rajimahal, in the East Indies.

HAIL, Stranger, hail! whose eye shall here survey
The paths of Time, where Ruin marks his way,
When sullen means the solemn midnight bird,
And the gaunt jackal's harsher cry is heard,
If thine the soul with sacred ardour fraught,
Rapt in the poet's dream, or sage's thought,
To thee these mouldering walls a voice shall raise,
And sadly tell how earthly pride decays:—
How human hopes, like human works, departed,
And leave behind—the ruins of the heart!

Richardson's Poems.

THE LATE DR. TILLOCH.*

LET "storied urn" and "animated bust"
Proclaim the sepulchre of noble dust:—
This humble stone records the name revered
Of TILLOCH, to humanity endeared;
Who, through protracted life, on Virtue's plan,
Adorned the native dignity of man
By strict integrity, by warmth of heart,
And mild benevolence, devoid of art,
For all of suffering human kind:—O then
Who read'st, and soon shall be as he is now,
Live as he liv'd, improve each talent given
Of pristine worth, and pass from earth to Heaven!

Literary Chronicle.

* Dr. Tilloch, who died at his house in Barnsbury Street, Islington, on the 26th January, was long distinguished for his literary and scientific attainments. He was the editor of the *Philosophical Magazine* from its commencement; he was also one of the proprietors of the *Star*, evening newspaper; but on account of a severe indisposition during the last five years, he was quite incapacitated from taking any share in conducting that journal. At a future period we shall probably give a memoir of this gentleman.

VALENTINE GREATRAKES.

THIS singular person, according to Mr. Boyle, was of "great honesty and exemplary sobriety;" taking no gratuity for his performances, and curing a prodigious number of cases where King Charles II. had failed, as testified by Boyle, Cudworth, Bishop Wilkins, and the wisest of all surgeons, Surgeon Wiseman, who affirms that the king's touch had cured more in one year than all the surgeons in London had done in an age!—An hereditary race of Macbeans, in Scotland, of the name of Macdonald, have subsequently performed the same operation, calling it Glacath, which is, handling the

part affected, and muttering certain words. They also were of "great honesty," and never accepted of a fee on any entreaty.

After the Restoration, great multitudes flocked to receive the benefit of the royal touch; insomuch, that "six or seven persons were crushed to death, pressing at the chirurgeon's doore for tickets."—*Evelyn's Journal*, vol. ii. p. 571. In 1682, the king touched 8,577; and Browne remarks, that notwithstanding the numbers were so great as to amount to a considerable portion of the whole nation, yet, upon any new declaration of healing, they came again as fast as if none had applied before; "a thing as monstrous as strange." Notwithstanding this, it began to decline. Oliver Cromwell tried in vain to exercise this royal prerogative: and in 1684, Thomas Rosewell was tried for high-treason, because he spoke with contempt of King Charles's pretensions to the cure of scrofula. Charles Bernard, who had made this touching the subject of raillery all his life-time, till he became serjeant-surgeon, and found it a good perquisite, solved all difficulties by saying with a jeer, "Really one could not have thought it, if one had not seen it."

The Hon. Daines Barrington, in his "Observations on our Ancient Statutes," p. 107, tells us of an old man, a witness in a cause, who averred, that when Queen Anne was at Oxford, she touched him, when a child, for the evil. Mr. Barrington, when he had finished his evidence, "asked him whether he was really cured?" Upon which he answered, with a significant smile, that he believed himself never to have had a complaint that deserved to be considered as the evil, but that his parents were poor, *and had no objection to the bit of* GOLD.

This new exploded royal gift is thus described by Shakespeare:—

"Strangely visited people,
All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye.
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers."

MACBETH.

The obsolete practice of Greatrakes has in a degree appeared again in the shape of *friction*, and has revived in full force in the process of *thumbing* and *rubbing*, as applied by certain adepts to distortions, who have not the same scrupulous difficulties that Greatrakes and the Macdonald had about the *Homœurium*.

Valentine Greatrakes was a young, tall man, of a most respectable family. He verily believed in his power, and sometimes succeeded strangely enough.

Wade's. Naga Chirurgica.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

EPIGRAMS.

ON A STUDENT BEING PUT OUT OF COMMONS FOR MISSING CHAPEL.

To fast and pray we are by Scripture taught:
O could I do but either as I ought!
In both, alas! I err; my frailty such—
I pray too little, and I fast too much.

ON A PETIT-MAITRE PHYSICIAN.

When P—nn—ngt—n for female ills indites,
Studying alone not what, but how he writes,
The ladies, as his graceful form they scan,
Cry—with ill-omen'd rapture—"Killing man!"

ON THE MARRIAGE OF A VERY THIN COUPLE.

St. Paul has declared, that when persons, though twain,
Are in wedlock united, one flesh they remain:
But had he been by, when, like Pharaoh's kine pairing,
Dr. D—gl—s of B—n—t espoused Miss M—n—w—r—ng,
The Apostle, no doubt, would have alter'd his tone,
And have said, "These two splinters shall now make one bone."

ANOTHER.

Had thy spouse, Dr. Drumstick, been ta'en from thy side,
In the same way that Eve became Adam's fair bride,
And again by thy side on the bridal bed laid;
Though thou could'st not, like Adam, have gallantly said,
"Thou art flesh of my flesh"—because flesh thou hast none—
Thou with truth might'st have said, "Thou art bone of my bone."

ON A VERY TINY ANGLE, ENCLOSED AND PLANTED WITH SHRUBS.

This little garden little Jowett made
And fenced it with a little palisade.
A little taste hath little Dr. Jowett;
This little garden doth a little show it.

LATINE.

Exiguum hunc hortum fecit Jowettulus iste
Exiguus, vallo et saepsit exiguo:
Exiguo hoc horto forsan Jowettulus iste
Exiguus mentem prodidit exiguam.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

TYRE—LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

The next morning, in company with Mr. W. and a merchant of Aleppo, we left Acre for Tyre. The way led for

some distance over the fine and extensive plain at the end of which the town is situated; it was varied, as we drew nearer the hills, by two or three chateaux of Turkish gentlemen amidst the trees, and about mid-day we halted at a rivulet, and made a pleasant repast. The merchant was a very unprincipled but agreeable fellow, and being a native of Aleppo, spoke Arabic and Turkish beautifully. We soon ascended a lofty hill, over which the path is exceedingly delightful and commanding. The plain of Acre was behind, and Tyre visible on the shore a considerable distance in advance; and the bold and craggy cliffs we were ascending repaid the toil of the way. Towards evening we came to a small and lonely khan, and resolved to make it our lodging for the night. Some Syrian peasants gathered round, and we took our evening meal under the rude corridor, while the moon shone splendidly on the bay and shore, close to which the khan stood. Such moments as these are full of vivid enjoyment. Before day-break we quitted this spot, and in a few hours arrived at Tyre. This town, by no means so desolate as it has been sometimes represented, contains nearly two thousand inhabitants, and is surrounded by a wall.

We put up at the Catholic convent, if it deserves the name,—some wretched small apartments in the side of a court; in the evening the fathers disturbed us by their nasal singing in the church, which is open to the winds of heaven, having scarcely any roof. There are a few good houses in the place, and, visiting two or three families, we were made welcome with a pipe, a cup of coffee, or other drink. The island on which the ancient city stood, has of course long since disappeared. The next morning we set out for Sidon; the weather was beautiful, and we enjoyed an agreeable ride. This town is very pleasantly situated, and surrounded with rich gardens. We took up our abode in some apartments belonging to the French consul, with naked walls and floor; the traveller here, as throughout the East, must bring his own utensils and bedding with him; but fatigue and novelty sweeten all things. In the evening we paid a visit to a merchant's family of Sidon; and some sweet Oriental dishes, prepared by a lady of the house, with some excellent wine, were served up. The gardens of Sidon were full of fruit, and the cottages of the peasants stood in the midst of them. At about an hour and a half's ride from the town is the residence of Lady H. S. It is situated on the top of a hill, and called Marilius, from the convent of that name that formerly stood there, and out of part of which, with her own additions, she has constructed her present mansion. There are few trees round it, and it is very exposed; in the back-ground are ranges of barren hills; the prospect beneath of the gardens of Sidon and the bay is magnificent. Having two letters of introduction to her ladyship, one from an intimate friend, I made sure of an interview; but, as ill-luck would have it, my servant in his haste left this letter in the apartment at Sidon, and the one which was presented would not avail me. In the small room where I was introduced was suspended an immense Arab lance. In a short time, the only English inmate, Miss W. brought a polite apology from her ladyship, intimating that she regretted she could not break her invariable rule not to see English travellers. Having afterwards understood from the consul that I possessed her friend's letter, she favoured me with two notes, saying that she should be happy to receive it and see the bearer if he came that way again; but, being then at a considerable distance from her residence, the pleasure of such an interview was never enjoyed. This extraordinary woman no longer possesses the daring and chivalric spirit which led her to Palmyra and other perilous parts of the East. She is now become very nervous, and has for some time put great faith in nativities, and the productions of a venerable Arabian, who passes for an astrologer or magician, and often visits Marilius. Her habits of life have long been not to retire to rest till five in the morning, and to rise at two in the afternoon, and eat scarcely any animal food; but her house contains a good store of choice wines, and the various conserves of the East. Although she sits on the floor, and eats with her fingers, her visitor is indulged with a table, knife and fork, and a variety of dishes. Her household consists of three and twenty Arab servants of both sexes, as her English ones have long since been dismissed. She scarcely ever rides now, although she has a stud of twelve fine Arabian horses. In conversation, as a friend of hers, who several times visited her, assured me, she is very agreeable, but it must be during the witching hours of night when her ladyship loves most to converse. Arabic she speaks pretty well, and with the natives and manners of the East she is of course thoroughly acquainted. Among Turkish women, she says, she has met many admirable and attractive characters, but among the Greeks not a single one. Woe be to the woman of her own nation, who should reside for a short time at Ma-

rilius! she must expect to submit to all the seclusion of the land, as if any Sheick or Turk comes to the house, she must not only shun their presence, but be sure not to let a glimpse of her face be seen: no infringement on Eastern etiquette can ever be allowed there. The influence this lady has over the surrounding pachas and governors is truly singular. A merchant of my acquaintance from Smyrna was returning from Damascus to Beirout with some camel loads of silk: they were stopped in the way by the Pacha of Acre, who intended to use no ceremony in making them his own. The merchant was in partnership in this concern with a rich Moor at Beirout, who was intimately known to her ladyship, and immediately wrote to her requesting her interference. She sent a note to the Pacha, and an order was speedily transmitted to his soldiers to set the camels and their cargo at liberty. Lady S. lived at Damascus for twelve months in a handsome house in the suburbs; and often, when she rode out in her Mameluke dress, the people would flock around her in admiration. When on her "journey to Palmyra, she was pursued by a hostile tribe of Arabs for a whole day; and on the day when the Palmyrenes hailed her as the Queen of the ruined city, she felt, no doubt, vivid and undissembled pleasure, being the first lady who had ever achieved such a journey: and her excellent horsemanship and capability of enduring fatigue, soon made the deserts a home to her. The Orientals never speak of her but with the highest respect." It is certain that a belief is entertained of her being of the highest rank: some even say she is a queen. She distributes occasionally presents of rich arms to the chiefs; and when an Arab courier is sent her, frequently rewards the bearer with a thousand piastres. She is generous, hospitable, and undoubtedly of that superior and commanding mind, which is sure to gain an ascendancy among the Orientals. Yet it is difficult to discover any attractions in her present way of life at Marflius. The romance and delight of exploring the East, and seeing its natives bow down to her, have long since given place to timid and secluded habits and feelings, and the dreams of superstition. She is, however, firmly resolved never to return to her native country; her avowed contempt for her own sex, and their effeminate habits and feelings, is not likely to conciliate them. Although she refuses, from the real or supposed ill-treatment of one or two English travellers, to see any of her countrymen, she has more than once been their benefactor. On one occasion she presented a traveller at Damascus with two thousand piastres, whose money had failed him in a journey from India. When an unfortunate Frenchman, a man of science, was shot by some Arabs from behind the rocks, as he was sketching a scene in some of the mountains in the interior at a considerable distance, she was at great expense in recovering his papers and books for his relations, and procuring for them every intelligence.

New Monthly Magazine.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

THE DEVIL'S CHOICE.

Qu. Honest Pat, if the Devil his choice could make,
Which of us d'ye suppose he first would take?

Ans. Why, 'tis me to be sure, he would carry away,
Your honour, he knows, he could have any day.

INVITATION TO TEA.

A YOUNG lady, named Taswell, returned the annexed reply to an invitation to "tea and cards;"—

"Your kind invitation I hail'd with much glee,
Will be true to the hour ne'er doubt it;
Play a rubber at whist; but as for the T,
I should surely be AS-WELL without it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our table literally groans under the weight of communications from our numerous correspondents, although, to speak the truth, few of them are of a heavy nature. Our fair friend *Janet*, and our new correspondent *Archie*, shall have a place in our next Minnow,—when we shall insert a chapter of *The Reminiscences of* ††; *Origins and Inventions, No. II.*; and some Extracts from *My Common Place Book*, which had been mislaid.

J. W. E., J. E. John, Crito Galen, Cymro, Pasoke, P. T. W., Clavis, Andrew, Clericus, Hypochondriacus, Ledger, shall have insertion as early as their claims and those of others will admit.

Communications from the following are under consideration:—*Ellen; G. Y.; W. C. N—t; J. M.; Hamilton; H. Y. W. E.; H. R.; W. J. H.; E. X.; C. H. B.; A. H. H.; Chris. D.; T. G. T.; J. H.;* and *Celius.*

We thank *Eusebius* for his suggestion.

A host of Valentines, Elegies without poetry, and Epigrams without point, are inadmissable.

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